emulation by invidious incitements, are to be considered as perverters of reason, and corrupters of the world: and since every man is obliged to promote happiness and virtue, he should be careful not to mislead unwary minds, by appearing to set too high a value upon things by which no real excellence is conferred.

NUMB. 67. TUESDAY, *November* 6, 1750.

Αἱ δ' ἐλπίδες βόσκουσι φυγάδας, ὡς λόγος,
Καλῶς βλέπουσιν ὄμμασι, μέλλουσι δέ. *Eurip.*

THERE is no temper so universally indulged as hope: other passions operate by starts on particular occasions, or in certain parts of life; but hope begins with the first power of comparing our actual with our possible state, and attends us through every stage and period of our lives, always urging us forward to new acquisitions, and holding out some distant blessing to our view, promising us either relief from pain, or increase of happiness.

HOPE is necessary in every condition. The miseries of poverty, of sickness, of captivity

tivity, would, without this comfort, be insupportable; nor does it appear that the happieſt lot of terreſtrial exiſtence can ſet us above the want of this general bleſſing, or that life, when the gifts of nature and of fortune are accumulated upon it, would not ſtill be wretched, were it not elevated and delighted by the expectation of ſome new poſſeſſion, of ſome enjoyment yet behind, by which the wiſh ſhall be at laſt ſatisfied, and the heart filled up to its utmoſt extent.

Hope is, indeed, very fallacious, and promiſes what it ſeldom gives; but its promiſes are more valuable than the gifts of fortune, and it ſeldom fruſtrates us without aſſuring us of recompenſing the delay by a greater bounty.

I was muſing on this ſtrange inclination which every man feels to deceive himſelf, and conſidering the advantages and dangers proceeding from this gay proſpect of futurity, when, falling aſleep, on a ſudden I found myſelf placed in a garden, of which my ſight could deſcry no limits. Every ſcene about me was gay and gladſome, light with ſunſhine, and fragrant with perfumes; the ground

was painted with all the variety of ſpring, and all the choir of nature was ſinging in the groves. When I had recovered from the firſt raptures, with which the confuſion of pleaſure had for a time entranced me, I began to take a particular and deliberate view of this delightful region. I then perceived that I had yet higher gratifications to expect, and that, at a ſmall diſtance from me, there were brighter flowers, clearer fountains, and more lofty groves, where the birds, which I yet heard but faintly, were exerting all the power of melody. The trees about me were beautiful with verdure, and fragrant with bloſſoms; but I was tempted to leave them by the ſight of ripe fruits, which ſeemed to hang only to be plucked. I therefore walked haſtily forwards, but found, as I proceeded, that the colours of the field faded at my approach, the fruit fell before I reached it, the birds flew ſtill ſinging before me, and though I preſſed onward with great celerity, I was ſtill in ſight of pleaſures of which I could not yet gain the poſſeſſion, and which ſeemed to mock my diligence, and to retire as I advanced.

Though I was confounded with ſo many alternations of joy and grief, I yet perſiſted to

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go forward, in hopes that theſe fugitive delights would in time be overtaken. At length I ſaw an innumerable multitude of every age and ſex, who ſeemed all to partake of ſome general felicity; for every cheek was fluſhed with confidence, and every eye ſparkled with eagerneſs: yet each appeared to have ſome particular and ſecret pleaſure, and very few were willing to communicate their intentions, or extend their concern beyond themſelves. Moſt of them ſeemed, by the rapidity of their motion, too buſy to gratify the curioſity of a ſtranger, and therefore I was content for a while to gaze upon them, without interrupting them with troubleſome enquiries. At laſt I obſerved one man worn with time, and unable to ſtruggle in the croud; and, therefore, ſuppoſing him more at leiſure, I began to accoſt him: but he turned from me with anger, and told me he muſt not be diſturbed, for the great hour of projection was now come, when Mercury ſhould loſe his wings, and ſlavery ſhould no longer dig the mine for gold.

I LEFT hin, and attempted another, whoſe ſoftneſs of mien, and eaſy movement, gave me reaſon to hope for a more agreeable reception: but he told me, with a low bow,

that nothing would make him more happy than an opportunity of ſerving me, which he could not now want, for a place which he had been twenty years ſoliciting would be ſoon vacant. From him I had recourſe to the next, who was departing in haſte to take poſſeſſion of the eſtate of an uncle, who by the courſe of nature could not live long. He that followed was preparing to dive for treaſure in a new-invented bell; and another was on the point of diſcovering the longitude.

Being thus rejected whereſoever I applied myſelf for information, I began to imagine it beſt to deſiſt from enquiry, and try what my own obſervation would diſcover: but ſeeing a young man, gay and thoughtleſs, I reſolved upon one more experiment, and was informed that I was in the garden of Hope, the daughter of Desire, and that all thoſe whom I ſaw thus tumultuouſly buſtling round me, were incited by the promiſes of Hope, and haſtening to ſeize the gifts which ſhe held in her hand.

I turned my ſight upward, and ſaw a goddeſs in the bloom of youth, ſitting on a throne: around her lay all the gifts of fortune,

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and all the bleſſings of life were ſpread abroad to view; ſhe had a perpetual gayety of aſpect, and every one imagined that her ſmile, which was impartial and general, was directed to himſelf, and triumphed in his own ſuperiority to others, who had conceived the ſame confidence from the ſame miſtake.

I THEN mounted an eminence, from which I had a more extenſive view of the whole place, and could with leſs perplexity conſider the different conduct of the crouds that filled it. From this ſtation I obſerved, that the entrance into the garden of HOPE was by two gates, one of which was kept by REASON, and the other by FANCY. REASON was ſurly and ſcrupulous, and ſeldom turned the key without many interrogatories, and long heſitation; but FANCY was a kind and gentle portreſs, ſhe held her gate wide open, and welcomed all equally to the diſtrict under her ſuperintendency; ſo that the paſſage was crouded by all thoſe who either feared the examination of REASON, or had been rejected by her.

FROM the gate of REASON there was a way to the throne of HOPE, by a craggy

ſlippery, and winding path, called the *Streight of Difficulty*, which thoſe who entered with the permiſſion of the guard endeavoured to climb. But tho' they ſurveyed the way very chearfully before they began to riſe, and marked out the ſeveral ſtages of their progreſs, they commonly found unexpected obſtacles, and were obliged frequently to ſtop on the ſudden, where they imagined the way plain and even. A thouſand intricacies embarraſſed them, a thouſand ſlips threw them back, and a thouſand pitfals impeded their advance. So formidable were the dangers, and ſo frequent the miſcarriages, that many returned from the firſt attempt, and many fainted in the midſt of the way, and only a very ſmall number were led up to the ſummit of HOPE, by the hand of FORTITUDE. Of theſe few the greater part, when they had obtained the gift which HOPE had promiſed them, regretted the labour which it coſt, and felt in their ſucceſs the regret of diſappointment; the reſt retired with their prize, and were led by WISDOM to the bowers of CONTENT.

TURNING then towards the gate of FANCY, I could find no way to the ſeat of HOPE: but though ſhe ſat full in view, and held out her

her gifts with an air of invitation, which filled every heart with rapture, the mountain was, on that ſide, inacceſſibly ſteep, but ſo channelled and ſhaded, that none perceived the impoſſibility of aſcending it, but each imagined himſelf to have diſcovered a way to which the reſt were ſtrangers. Many expedients were indeed tried by this induſtrious tribe, of whom ſome were making themſelves wings, which others were contriving to actuate by the perpetual motion. But, with all their labour, and all their artifices, they never roſe above the ground, or quickly fell back, nor ever approached the throne of HOPE, but continued ſtill to gaze at a diſtance, and laughed at the ſlow progreſs of thoſe whom they ſaw toiling in the *Streight of Difficulty*.

PART of the favourites of FANCY, when they had entered the garden, without making, like the reſt, any attempt to climb the mountain, turned immediately to the vale of IDLENESS, a calm and undiſturbed retirement, from whence they could always have HOPE in proſpect, and to which they pleaſed themſelves with believing that ſhe intended ſpeedily to deſcend. Theſe were indeed ſcorned by all the reſt, but they ſeemed very little affect-

ed by contempt, advice, or reproof, but were refolved to expect at eafe the favour of the goddefs.

Among this gay race I was wandering, and found them ready to anfwer all my queftions, and willing to communicate their mirth: but turning round I faw two dreadful monfters entring the vale, one of whom I knew to be Age, and the other Want. Sport and revelling were now at an end, and an univerfal fhriek of affright and diftrefs burft out and awaked me.

Numb. 68. Saturday, *November* 10, 1750.

Vivendum recte, cum propter plurima, tunc his
Præcipue caufis, ut linguas mancipiorum
Contemnas; nam lingua mali pars peffima
fervi. Juv.

The younger Pliny has very juftly obferved, that of actions which deferve our attention, the moft fplendid are not always the greateft. Fame, and wonder, and applaufe,